

From the Author.
July 1872.

HANDBOOK

TO THE

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

By
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE substance of the following notes, referring to the more important National Portraits in the Exhibition, has already appeared in some articles furnished to the *Athenæum*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Graphic*. The writer has been asked to enlarge them: and, in their present shape, it is hoped they will be found useful as a supplement to the more detailed Catalogue so carefully prepared by Sir Bernard Burke.

The author has to acknowledge the assistance of his friend, Mr. Henry Doyle, Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, to whose exertions the formation of the collection is mainly due.

P. F.

MERRION-STREET,

June 26th, 1872.

b.55983

NOTES
ON THE
MORE REMARKABLE
OF THE
NATIONAL PORTRAITS IN THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

Portrait painting may be said to stand at the head of all the various departments of painting. Of these it is the most difficult, because the most intellectual; but in its results is the most satisfactory. The historical painter arranges his groups, dresses, and incidents according to correct authorities, and trusts to a bold fancy or to the suggestions of friends for a judicious disposition of his characters. The painter of *genre* obtains his "situation" or incident, also by suggestion; and as the little scene tells its own story on the canvas, the painter is so far assisted. Landscape painting, indeed, if the artist goes beyond mere imitation of trees, and fields, and skies, requires a higher intellectual operation; namely, the discovering the moods and humours of nature, the mystery which gives the charm to some landscapes, which is independent of sunlight or shadow, with other influences to which the undefined poetry of the scene is owing. This "piercing behind the veil" to read the mind of nature is a high, intelligent operation, but one far lower than reading the mind of man behind the mask of the human face.

The most vulgar of vulgar errors is the belief that perfect imitation is art. It is, in fact, the lowest and easiest shape of artistic success. It is in the spirit of the Chinese tailor, who reproduced the patch or stain on the pattern given him to work from. Any copy of an object

that has life will always be unfaithful, because wanting life, which is certainly not supplied by the conventional stare or hard gaze of the average portrait. For this reason a photograph is outside art, as well as a plaster cast, and the like. A terra-cotta casting might fall within the same category; but the artist gives a few touches here and there, transfers a part of his own feeling to it by a little free handling and moulding, and from that moment it acquires a certain life, and becomes artistic. The operation of ordinary commercial portrait painting is founded on some such vicious principle. The sitter is laboriously and faithfully copied, with his face and dress. There is not time to learn the character, habitual expression, and other familiar marks and tokens, which would require either long acquaintance or that brilliant intuition which belongs only to real genius. Such is, indeed, beyond the price that can be afforded for the average picture. Again, supposing some attempt to be made at "catching" expression and character, it is only an expression called up by the painter's order, as when he gives the hackneyed direction, "smile now"—"think of something pleasant." This curious air of unreality is further aided by the conventional attitude so much in favour with sitters and painters. If some unsophisticated stranger from a barbarous country, unfamiliar with portraits, were called on to state what attitude of daily life the gentleman standing by the pillar and red curtain was supposed to represent, or what the "half-length" smirking from the canvass was doing, he would be puzzled to answer. The only intelligible solution, which would be the real one, is, that he was standing there *to be looked at*, that he was conscious of this operation, and that the attitude of his mind, as well as of his body, both revealed the same impression.

It must be recollected, too, that the great aim of painting, and, indeed, of all art, is to elevate—to represent,

in the most beautiful way, what is beautiful. The modern pre-Raphaelites spent a vast deal of pains on a piece of brick-wall, or the decayed trunk of a tree, forgetting that if there was nothing beautiful or elevating in the original, the reproduction, however accurate, must have even less claim to be interesting. On the other hand, it is quite possible for a painter to impart some dignity and beauty to the plainest and even the most vulgar face. And this is the only fashion in which justice can be done in portrait-painting. There may be some eminent manufacturer who has raised himself from the ranks of his workmen by his own unflagging industry, and who is now wealthy and important. He may be plain, plebeian-looking, "vulgar" in dress and manner, and coarse-handed. An inferior painter, faithfully copying, would unavoidably present him with all these unpleasant attributes; and he would go down to posterity—or at least to his heirs—a mean and disagreeable-looking object. But the portrait-painter of genius can save a worthy man from this injustice. He would think of the self-denial, the purpose, the energy, which had raised the person sitting to him to his present honourable position; he would feel respect for such qualities; he would tempt him to relate his old struggles and his victories; he would note the kindling eye, the intelligent satisfaction, the honest pride, and the natural simplicity; and as these would affect him with a sense of dignity and respect, so would the result of his handiwork affect the spectator. It will be found that all really great portraits have been painted on this principle; the artists having within them—first, a native dignity of soul; second, this intuition of the noble side of character; third, the cunning "to stamp it on his work." The constrained attitude of "sitting for one's picture" it is impossible to get rid of; but the great artist will lend, either a fantastic seriousness or an intellectual consciousness of the position, as though the sitter or "stander" were making pleasant protest, and saying, "I, a being of intelligence, submit to this form

of society for the sake of my family." In many of Reynolds' and Gainsborough's groups, where noble gentlemen, their ladies, and children are grouped in a garden, there is this charmingly refined air of half affectionate, half smiling good humour which carries off an awkwardness of the position. The great old portrait-painters—the Moronis, Pordenones, Titians, Velasquez', Vandykes, and others who painted the head of the Venetian nobleman, or of the rough soldier, were so full of this idea of intellect and thought, the spiritual side, in short, that we completely forget attitude and other accidents, and think only of the character of the man before us. Those amazing heads—swarthy, cavernous about the eyes—seem so full of power that their owners do not condescend to "sit," or place themselves in an attitude. They are wholly indifferent. They suggest the idea that they had haughtily given the artist permission to seize the likeness as they strode by him, or how he could, so that *they* were not troubled. It is from principles like these, common to acting and poetry, that ordinary portraits present such a contrast. In the London National Gallery is a portrait by Moroni, of a tailor—literally a tailor in his sleeves, and in the act of cutting out his cloth, yet by dignity of treatment, *i.e.*, by showing the craftsman seriously and earnestly engaged at his work, and of course by the artist's own wonderful touch, the whole acquires a charm and interest that is inconceivable. No vulgar association intrudes—the idea of a man engaged in some dignified calling is suggested. There is, perhaps, but one living portrait painter who is capable of such a feat—Millais. He has recently shown what he can do, in what is almost always a monument of art, poverty, or theatrical vulgarity, *viz.*, a hunting portrait. We all have seen the combination in the ordinary picture, "Presented to Mr. — by the members of the — Hunt," when the smiling sportsman, flouncing in scarlet, flat as though he were cut out of card-board, stands surrounded by his wooden dogs. Millais, in his hunting portrait of Lord

Westminster has not thought of the red coat, boots, and other theatrical accessories, but of the man and of the sportsman, just as Titian and Vandyke, would do. Sporting accessories—dogs, whippers in, &c.—do not make a sporting portrait, no more than does “the cowl make the monk.” Millais places his subject in a darkened gallery, with a rich sort of tapestried background, in the act of drawing on the well worn riding gloves, with a quiet anticipating expression. The face and attitude here is everything; the coat stained with riding—a feast of mellow scarlet—but is subsidiary. It is when we turn from this masterpiece to an enormous canvas near it, all red coats, bay horses, dogs heads and tails, a fox lifted in the air, that we see the difference between intellectual portrait painting and the mere painting of coats, with the incidents of the craft.

These high results are too costly for modern portrait painting. The artist who is “the fashion” is overworked, and cannot spare time for studying character: indeed, the average sitter asks no more than to have an effective picture that friends will recognize, at a low cost. Yet mark one result. While he is alive his own familiar face, as it were, supplies for friends and acquaintances the intelligence and character that is wanting in the portrait; but when he shall have departed, the key will be lost—the face will every day become more and more insipid and meaningless. To the remoter descendant it will become intolerable—be spoken of as “that daub,” and be put away in some remote or unvisited room, as bringing discredit on more worthily painted companions. Hence it is that dealers’ shops become literally magazines for these condemned things, which are to be found crowded together there like books on the shelves. But the intelligently painted portrait—even if such a fate overtakes it—is speedily rescued; the speaking, thoughtful face, in which lingers some of the old light of the departed mind, attracts the connoisseur, even if it be nameless—it is hung up in his gallery, and commands all respect. But in

our day, as we have said, intellectual treatment in any department is only to be secured at a costly price; and the sums demanded and received by men like Watts and Millais can only be furnished by the wealthy nobleman or the merchant prince. Under these conditions the old portraits of the nation become a precious inheritance, and those of remarkable men yet more precious. To gaze therefore on the choice works of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and other masters, becomes almost what Steele described the love of an elegant woman to be—a liberal education—we are refined as well as charmed.

Apart from this, there is a special charm in a national collection like the present one, gathered with such spirit and energy in the existing Dublin Exhibition. Few countries can show so much *variety* in their mental production, such dash and brilliancy, or boast such a company of men and women celebrated in every department. The Scotch may bring their sober and thrifty wares to an alien market, and dispose of them there to the best advantage; and were a gallery of Scotch worthies collected, we would feel ourselves awed by the piercing and reflecting glances, the sharp twinkling eyes, the solemn sagacity which would beam from the frames. Respect and admiration would certainly be present, but interest and sympathy might be wanting. But with the Irishman of fame, some hard-fought battle of life, some tale of interest or adventure, some history, odd, eccentric, sad, humorous, or even astonishing, will be found associated. This is owing to the condition of the Irishman of genius having formerly had to take his wares to a comparatively speaking foreign market, and to struggle desperately under all the disadvantages of being a stranger. This difficulty calls out a special class of qualities—versatility, readiness, wit, humour, and other gifts, and stamps the face with a peculiar character. Thus most of the personages here collected, either Irishmen in England or Irishmen in Ireland, have spent their lives in some shape of struggle, as stern Lord

Deputies, Parliament men, upholders of "the English interest," political orators, Jacobites, actors who had to fight their way from the Dublin to the London stage, poets like Goldsmith, prescribed Catholics, "harried" Protestants, patriots, rebels hunted and outlawed, men of wit and humour who came strangers to London, and painters of genius, like Barry, struggling for a bare crust. All these elements lend unrivalled interest and piquancy to the collection. It has been thought that a few notes on the personal history of the more leading characters would make the whole yet more interesting by supplying, as it were, a key to the more remarkable portraits. No order or historical method will be attempted, but we shall ramble hither and thither in a fitful fashion, just as the visitor to such a gallery himself rambles, attracted now by this picture, now by that.

Had Margaret Woffington written an account of her life and adventures, as some other actresses have done, she would have left an extraordinary narrative to amuse the world. Who would take this soft and nun-like face (147), the first that greets us on entering the room, for that of the boisterous, dashing, brilliant "Peg?" She is represented in the inappropriate character of Penelope, and this demureness, which would be a surprise to many, is no affectation, but is to be found in all her portraits. So was Charles Lamb struck by the fine picture, now in the Garrick Club Collection—"Woffington on a couch—a true Hogarth—dallying and dangerous." She began her bold and wild career as a sort of infant prodigy at a children's theatre in Dublin; but her talents soon brought her an opening, where her boisterous vivacity in comedy, and, it must be added, her personal attractions, captivated the town. She inspired Garrick, then unknown as an actor, with a frantic passion; but soon disgusted with her inconstancy and irregularities, he took leave of her in perhaps the most bitter verses ever written by a lover—

I know your sophistry, I know your arts,
Which all your dupes and fools cajole;
Yourself you give without your heart,
All may share *that*, but not your soul.

After a reckless career, distinguished by genuine triumphs, after boundless frailties and display of thorough good nature and good heart—not at all exaggerated in Mr. Charles Reade's graphic romance—her theatrical career was to be closed by a truly tragic scene.

It was long remembered at Covent Garden how the bold creature had come forward to speak an epilogue in the inappropriate character of Rosalind, and that just as she reached the words, "If I were among you I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me"—a sentiment, no doubt, delivered with the special flavour that was half her popularity—she uttered a piercing scream, tottered to the wing, and fell. This closed her career, though she lingered for two or three months at Teddington—a time of retreat which she is said to have given to devotion, or at least to seriousness. There was indeed much to redeem her frailties; a hand and purse always open—her talents at the service of the meanest performer in the theatre; and though General Conway might describe her to his friends as "an impudent-faced Irish girl," one of her own profession declared that "to the end she remained the same gay, obliging, affable, good-natured Woffington to every one around her." This is a better epitaph than the average tombstone panegyric.

Arthur Murphy (140), who hangs close by, was her friend and countryman. This characteristic portrait—the work of Dance—almost reveals the history of the man. We can see that this is one of those agreeable and racy elderly men who have lived pretty hard, and are stocked with grand stories. There is an air of senile dullness, and his eyes are dewy with port wine. His whole life was a struggle with pecuniary difficulties, and before his death he was said "to have

eaten himself out of every coffee-house between Temple Bar and the West End." Yet he is the author of some of the most vivacious comedies in the English language. His wit and talents made him the companion of all who had wit and talent. But these straits made him sensitive and quarrelsome to a degree—made him hostile and even malignant to those who, like Garrick, were his best friends. The author of the *Rosciad* repaid his enmity with some fearfully savage lines, in which he declared that "prudent dulness marked him for a mayor," and added—

Yet let not vanity like thine despair,
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.

Living to a ripe old age, he was naturally asked for his recollections of Garrick and other personages whom he had known. Mr. Rogers used to relate with much humour his invariable reply—"Mr. Murphy, Sir, you knew Mr. Garrick?" "Yes, Sir, I did." "Pray, Sir, what did you think of his acting?" A pause would follow. "Sir, *off* the stage he was a mean, sneaking, pitiful little fellow; but *on* the stage—O my great God——!" Nothing more definite was ever extracted, and the late Mr. Taylor added, "I have often heard him utter these words several times during the course of an evening without any variation." In his picture he seems on the point of once more repeating his favourite platitude.

Near him we find the jovial and burly Quin (139), his round pink face beaming out of what Sidney Smith calls "the boundless convexity of friz," of his wig. The close, even treatment—soft, yet firm and decided—belongs to Hogarth. With this the ambitious whole length of the actor as *Falstaff* () cannot compare. The full jovial face was appropriate to Shakespeare's jovial knight, though it was reserved for Stephen Kemble to make the proud boast, that "he played the part without stuffing." Quin was of the old striding and mouthing school, which was routed from the

stage the night Garrick appeared. Each, however, had their partisans, and both were at last matched, on the same stage, and in the same piece, *The Fair Penitent*. It was said, that when Quin was challenged by his rival to meet him "two hours ere noon to-morrow," the old fashioned player was so long in his haughty pause, and preparatory heavings, that some one in the gallery called out with an oath, "why don't you give the gentleman an answer." Near him we see another famous actor, Sheridan (173), set up once by a party, as a rival to Garrick. The picture is full of character, with a trifle of conceit and complacency; signified by his resting his elbow on a large volume of Shakespeare, and the dandy character of the costume, a blue dressing gown, with rose coloured sleeves. The skull cap, which he wears, rendered necessary when the great wig was laid aside, could always be made effective by the painter, in imparting a quaint or familiar air. It has been lent by Mr. Lefanu, the well known novelist; a Sheridan himself, in whom the hereditary talent is not wanting. The player taught Boswell and other Scotch gentlemen the true English accent, combined however with some of his native pronunciation. To Johnson he was intolerable. "Why, sir," the great lexicographer would say, "Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, sir, is not in nature." This was one of the hugs of the great bear. No family can boast of such a wealth of talent accumulating from generation to generation. A famous divine was succeeded by an actor more famous, who gave place to the great Brinsley, who was orator, dramatist, and wit. There was a falling off in Tom Sheridan, who was yet a man of mark in society, but who repaid his failure by giving the world three clever daughters.

To tell anything of Richard Brinsley Sheridan (174), seems like going over a hackneyed theme. At one time his shifts were spoken of indulgently; as being merely the

special "way" of old Sherry—but looked at by the cold eye of this orderly generation, they would hardly escape more severe criticism. More pleasant to think of are some of his practical jokes, the best of which will be found in *Rogers' Table Talk*. It was to the poet that he made that strange speech on his death-bed—"Tell Lady Bessborough that my eyes will *look up to the coffin lid as brightly as ever*." He had the finest eyes in the world, and he was not a little vain of them.

Here is O'Keefe (165), by Laurenson, a cheerful, firmly-painted portrait, which has something original in the *pose*. Reynolds set the example of trying to make the attitude symbolize character, and third-rate painters taking the hint, succeeded in giving their work a vigour and originality. The gay scarlet coat and green waistcoat are in festive keeping, while the mouth relaxing between the "puffed" cheeks is about to break into a roguish smile. The humour of his farces has never been surpassed, and the original extravagance of the burdens of such songs as "Amo Amas, I love the lass," is entirely his own. His memoirs are charming reading, full of vivid boyish recollections that restore the local colour of the past. He remembered Peg Woffington's mother, a decent old lady in a tippet, going to a Catholic Chapel, and recalled an old Captain Debrisay who strode about the streets *unremarked* in the cavalier's dress of Charles the Second's day.

Were we called on to part with all our distinguished Irishmen save one, Oliver Goldsmith would perhaps be the one retained by most voices. His exquisite poem, the "Deserted Village," is general intellectual property. "She Stoops to Conquer," for humour and spirit never fails, while his life and adventures, so admirably told by Mr. Forster, "have increased the public stock of harmless pleasure." The side-face, as preserved by Sir Joshua (158)—so reflecting, so amiable, and full of simplicity in the lower features—is familiar to all. No other, it seems, would harmonize with

his story. There can be seen in it an air of suffering from the misapprehensions of dullards, to whom he was superior; but those familiar with the engraving are disappointed at the rather dull tones and dark olive tints which pervade the whole. Northcote declared it to be the most affecting picture in the world, to those who knew the poet. Characteristic, too, is the hasty sketch by Hogarth (159), representing him bent over a table, and writing with all his energy "against time"—his arms and legs even showing the purpose of his mind. This has been engraved in the new edition of Mr. Forster's work.

This oval portrait (corridor), that looks like a pastel drawing—a soft, composed face, breaking from between two lace lappets secured in a top knot over the head—is the face of Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton, whose story eclipses all romance. The history of the beautiful Gunnings is well known—the fascinating beauties who set off from Dublin and threw London into the most amazing excitement. They were mobbed in the Park and at Vauxhall, the crowd forming an avenue through which they had to walk. In Dublin it was said that Sheridan had been accustomed to lend them dresses from his theatrical wardrobe for balls and parties, while on their first coming to London Mr. Thrale and a friend made them the subject of an ungentlemanly hoax, getting some low hanger-on to personate one of the "Lords," to whom the young ladies were so eager to be introduced. The two friends and the impostor were turned into the street. The future Lady Coventry wisely affected to forget the transaction; but the Duchess never forgave Thrale. They were not long in securing two genuine noblemen, to the rage of all the fine ladies, the Duke of Hamilton being so impatient, that the ceremony was performed at midnight by a sort of "couple beggar" clergymen, and with a curtain ring. The beautiful Coventry enjoyed her title but a short time, killing herself by the excessive use of white paint, not before, however, learning

that a shoemaker had made a large sum by exhibiting one of her shoes. There was a third sister whose marriage was not so brilliant as that of the others. The character of their beauty will be seen in this picture, as well as in the engraved portraits hung in the gallery—long swimming eyes and small delicate mouths. The Duchess of Hamilton and her husband kept up an absurd state “at their own house,” says Walpole—“they walk in to dinner before their company, sit together at the upper end of their own table, eat off the same plate, and drink to nobody beneath the rank of an Earl. Would not one wonder,” adds the lively chronicler of Strawberry-hill, “how they would get anybody either above or below that rank to dine with them at all!” Later she married the Duke of Argyle, and one of the best dramatic scenes in Boswell’s *Tour* is her haughty reception of him and the “grand old Samuel” at Inverary. “I knew,” writes ‘Bozzy,’ “it was the rule of modern high life not to drink to anybody, but that I might have the satisfaction for once to look a Duchess in the face, with a glass in my hand, I, with a respectful air, addressed her—‘My lady Duchess, I have the honour to drink your grace’s good health.’ I repeated the words audibly, and with a steady countenance. This was, perhaps, rather too much; but some allowance must be made for human feelings.”

This brilliant and happy specimen of Sir Joshua’s full, rich manner (210), is the portrait of the second Duke of Leinster, which itself is the centre of a group to which an almost painful interest attaches. In the drooped neck and languid ease of this portrait there is a kind of patrician indifference, and the refined tone of the face and rich bloom-coloured coat is a feast for the eye. Near him is his brother, the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald (216), a curious contrast in its rudeness and affected carelessness of dress, which gives an almost plebeian air to the face. “He is turned,” says Jephson, the lively Master of the Horse at Dublin Castle, “a complete Frenchman, crops

his hair, despises his title, walks the streets instead of riding"—fair testimony to the faithful character of the likeness. The graceful picture of his wife "Pamela" (211) and her daughter, the late Lady Guy Campbell, seems quite French in treatment; and in the smaller head (207) there is no suggestion of Emma Hamilton, whose image Romney found it as impossible, as "Mr. Dick" did the execution of Charles the First, to exclude from his pictures. She suggests another passage in Jephson's letters—"I was fortunate enough," he says, "to get a sight of the celebrated Pamela as I happened to be sitting with Lord Charlemont. She is elegant and engaging in the highest degree, and showed the most judicious taste in her remarks upon the library and curiosities. *The Dublin ladies, I understand, wish to put her down.* She promised Lord Charlemont, with great good humour, to assist him in keeping in her husband in order. She was dressed in a plain riding-habit, and came to the door in a curricule." Unhappily neither the elegant dilettante of Marino, nor Pamela herself, who made this airy engagement, could keep the high-spirited patriot "in order." Her face has a certain French piquancy and vivacity—an expression that was soon to be changed. For presently was to come the spectacle of a distracted wife on her knees to the Chancellor, imploring admission to the gaol where her husband was dying from the wounds received in his struggle with the men who came to arrest him. Rogers, who saw her before her marriage, describes her as "lovely and quite radiant with beauty." Sheridan had been one of her most ardent admirers, and Madame de Genlis declares in her memoirs that he seriously offered his hand, which was eagerly accepted. But the volatile Brinsley saw them off to their own country, and never thought more of the matter.

To the Lady Clancarty, whose portrait is seen here (92), is attached a story of singular interest, but as told by Macaulay it becomes a romance. She was the daughter of

Sunderland, the unscrupulous minister of Charles the Second, to whom it seemed desirable that she should be married to the young Irish Lord Clancarty, who held vast estates in Munster. The youthful pair, being aged, the one fifteen and the other eleven, were forthwith separated; but strange vicissitudes were to occur before they met again. He took part with James in the struggle for the Crown—was taken, imprisoned, and lost all his lands by confiscation. His wife's relatives pursued him with a bitter hatred, and when, on being released, he found his way back to her, his brother-in-law denounced him, had him dragged to the Tower, and it seemed certain that he would be tried and executed. But the devotion of his wife, her tears and desolation, raised up friends, and excited the sympathy of a noble lady, the widow of the martyred Russell, who herself took her to the palace to place a petition in the King's hand. Such intercession could not be refused. William graciously pardoned him; and, with the usual condition of expatriation, and a small pension added, the Earl and his faithful Elizabeth sailed for foreign lands. To this pretty story, it may be conceived, Macaulay's style lends its own special fascination.

There is here, too, the pastel drawing of yet another heroine, Miss Ambrose, a young Catholic beauty at the Court of Lord Chesterfield, by whom she was admired and complimented. There was no flattery in describing as a miracle the fact, that one "dull line" had been by "Stanhope's pencil writ;" for everything that this elegant and witty nobleman wrote had an air of light grace and elegance. Of this young lady he said, laughing at the fears of the loyalists, "that she was the only dangerous papist in the kingdom;" and on the Williamite Twelfth of July, when she appeared at a ball at the Castle wearing orange lilies, he addressed to her these happy lines—

"Pretty Tory, where's the jest
Of orange lilies on your breast,
If that same breast itself disclose
The whiteness of the rebel rose."

Near her is her lover, Mr. Bradshaw. This Castle belle later became Lady Palmer, but she always cherished the recollection of the courtly Stanhope. She lived on and on, till that master of the graces, and all her friends, had passed away; and early in the present century, when she reached the age of one hundred years, Richard Shiel, who paid her a visit in Henry-street, found the former beauty a fearful old crone, with "a weird shrivelled face and sorceress eye." But over the chimney-piece was the picture of her old admirer; and a few adroit suggestions brought the subject to her mind, and showed how complacently she dwelt upon the recollection. Her story suggests that of another centenarian.

It would be an idle task to settle the authenticity of a portrait, when the original itself has been the subject of vehement discussion. Such has been the fate of the famous old Countess of Desmond (18), and the half-a-dozen portraits, each of which claims to be the true likeness. The one engraved in Chambers' "Book of Days"—an old lady in a deep cowl-shaped hood—has more character than the present one, which, however, is well painted. The subject of her amazing age has been discussed again and again; but there seems no reason to doubt that she lived for seven score years. Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir William Temple, and others, all remembered this prodigy. The conclusion arrived at is that she was born in 1464, and died about the year 1604. It is therefore possible that the great-grandfather of a nonagenarian now living might have spoken to a lady who had been married in the reign of Edward IV. The tradition ran that she had danced at a ball with crook-backed Richard, "who," she said, "was the handsomest man in the room, except his brother—and well made." Raleigh knew her personally. Her name was Catherine Fitzgerald, of Dromana, and she was married to the twelfth Earl of Desmond, who died in 1534. She was therefore seventy years a widow! The present picture has

been fancifully ascribed to Rembrandt, an idea that may be dismissed without a moment's hesitation. It comes, however, from the representative of the Fitzgeralds of Dromana, Lord Stuart de Decies, in whose family it has been handed down, with a genuine tradition attached. In Lord Leicester's "Table Book," a little entry gives us a glimpse of the unworthy straits to which this veteran was reduced. "This old ladye," it runs, "landing at Bristol, came on foot to London, being then so old, that her daughter was decrepid, and not able to come with her, but was brought in a little cart, their poverty not allowing better means."

There is, too, yet another of these ancient survivors—old Lady Cork, the Lady Morgan of generations back. She figures as Miss Monekton in the last century, whom Johnson in one of his playful moods called "a dunce," for which rudeness he apologized in the handsomest way he was capable, saying, if he had thought so, he certainly would not have said it. As Lady Cork she became a professional "lion hunter," and Mrs. Siddons describes, in her vivacious way, a scene where she herself was made a victim. Innumerable were the jests on this craze of her's. Jekyll likened her to a shuttlecock, because she was "all cork and feathers." But Sidney Smith hits the hardest. "I remember Lady Cork," said he, "being so moved by a charity sermon, that she begged me to lend her a guinea for her contribution. *She never repaid me, and spent it on herself.*" This amusing complication of obliquity—as Johnson might describe it—is probably an exaggeration of the lively clergyman; but it is at least *ben trovato*.

Here is Barry (156), the artist of "great canvases"—done by his own hand. One of the true geniuses—uncontrolled—somewhat wild—who preferred their great impracticable, unsaleable works to more marketable and manageable productions. In this he reminds us of the ill-fated Haydon. He was also as impetuous and as wrongheaded—having once had the folly, when his house was robbed, to impute the loss to

the enmity of the academicians. He invited his friend and patron, Burke, to dine with him, at his miserable house, off a tender steak and porter. "Be useful, my dear friend," he said to the great statesman, "and look to the steaks, while I fetch the porter." When he returned, he came with bad news. "What a misfortune!" he exclaimed. "The wind carried away the fine foaming top, as I crossed Titchfield-street." But the steak was juicy and excellently cooked, the porter good, the painter full of stories; and Burke often declared that he never spent a happier evening in his life.

This sort of silver grey picture is that of Primate Robinson, who later became Lord Rokeby (177). "Remark in this," says Mr. Tom Taylor, "and the other portraits of the master, the felicitous and various employment of the persons he is painting. He is taken in his chair, among his books; but not as if he had been entrenched in a bulwark of ponderous tomes, only to maintain his archiepiscopal dignity under their shelter. He merely happened to be sitting in his library when Sir Joshua called. As his name was announced, the archbishop turned round, of course; but being a studious man, he did not rise from his book; indeed, he had not time to do so. . . . There is no conventional inkstand, pillow, and red curtain, though the occasion was a tempting one. A scholar and an archbishop would have justified all three." This, of course, is a mere fanciful speculation; but it shows the true principle of portrait painting. The "conventional pillars, curtains, and inkstands" may be counted by the thousand; but it is not in company with such adjuncts that our friends become familiar to us. The picture, however, seems a little cold, and the face is faded.

A more remarkable man than Primate Robinson, but belonging to another church, was the famous Father O'Leary, of whom O'Keefe gives the graphic sketch. "He had a fine smooth brogue; his learning was extensive, and his wit brilliant. He was tall and thin, with a long, pale, and pleasant visage, smiling and expressive. His dress was an

entire suit of brown, of the old shape ; a narrow stock, high about his neck ; and an amply powdered wig."

No one could pass this wonderful portrait of Richard Burke (163), the son on whom Edmund Burke doted, without being irresistibly attracted by the character of the face as well as by the masterly painting. It is, indeed, reckoned one of the *chef d'œuvres* of Reynolds, and, unlike so many of his pictures, is in perfect preservation. Here, at least, he had denied himself those tricks and experiments which have slowly destroyed so many of his best works ; and here is seen all the rare brilliancy and refinement which must have characterized his portraits when they first left his easel. The depth, glow, and delicacy are amazing. A melancholy interest is attached to it—with its tender inscription, "*O decus ! O dolor !*" One of the most promising young men of his time, with brilliant hopes, the pride of his father, he had been named Secretary for Ireland ; and was on the eve of starting, when symptoms of a decline suddenly declared themselves and carried him off in a very short time. The last dismal scene has been well described by Mr. M'Knight. Fancying that he heard his father and mother weeping below, he rose, dressed himself carefully, and came down ; then walked over to the window, affecting his usual firm tread. But presently he had to be carried again back to his bed. The father was speechless, and in an agony of despair, when the son said to him—"Why, sir, do you not chide me for these unmanly feelings ? I am under no terror. I feel myself better, and in spirits ; yet my heart falters, I know not why. Pray, sir, talk to me. Talk of religion ; talk of morality ; talk, if you will, on indifferent subjects." He then seemed to listen for something that was coming. "What noise is that," he asked ; "is it rain ?" He was told it was only the wind whistling through the trees. The dying man, then sitting up, recited, "with all the grace of elocution," the morning hymn of "Adam," from Milton, repeating it several times. As he finished, he

sank down into his father's and mother's arms, who clung around him. In a few moments the end came. The grief of the stricken parents was almost awful—the distracted father rushing about, and filling the air with loud cries; the more wretched mother spent an hour rubbing the inanimate form of her child with vinegar, fancying she could bring him back to life.

When this promising young man went over to Dublin to present the petition of the Catholics to the Irish House of Commons, a droll scene took place. Through some misconception he walked in among the members, and was advancing up to the Speaker's chair, when loud cries of "privilege!" "a stranger present!" checked him. The sonorous voice of the Speaker was heard directing that he should be taken into custody, and he turned back, a little alarmed, but was met by the Serjeant-at-arms advancing on him with a drawn sword. From him he turned and again made for the Speaker's chair, where he was confronted by the Clerk of the House, when he fairly took to his heels, and pursued by doorkeepers, clerks, and serjeant, got safely to the street, where he escaped. Very few knew who he was; and though severe measures were at first thought of, the matter was allowed to drop.

Our popular idea of his great father is not associated with much feeling or nature. We think of him as rather cold and declamatory. Here we see him, in a portrait by Opie (160), turning, with a thoughtful air, from a paper that he is reading. In all the portraits of this wonderful man we notice a certain oratorical scorn about the mouth. His was a vast and complete mind; his oratorical gifts were of a grand and solid order; and these might seem opposed to about an equal power of wit and repartee, which, however, was light and airy—as when he crushed a supporter of the Court in the House of Commons. "We reverence the King," he said, "but we are not on that account bound to bow down before everything that is his—his ox," and

here he fixed his eyes on the offender, "*or his ass.*" Grattan used to say happily of him, in reference to this veneration for royalty, "that he could not have slept comfortably on his pillow, if he had not thought that the King had a right to carry it off from under his head."

This name is worthily associated with Grattan, of whom we find two portraits here; one (209) representing him when he was grown old—when his face had grown "craggy," and which resembles the excellent likeness by Pope, the actor. The great full-length, from the Hall of Trinity College (191), shows him under more romantic conditions—dressed in his scarlet Volunteer uniform, moving his famous bill, in a spirited oratorical attitude. Apart from the public gifts that made him famous, the glimpses we have of him in private life, and which are little known to the general reader, present him in an almost engaging light. By his English political friends he was regarded with something like affection; and Rogers has treasured up many of his pleasant remarks and reflections. Says the poet of "Memory"—

"A walk in Spring, Grattan, like those with thee,
By the heath side (who had not envied me!)"

In his rambles with this friend, the orator would touch on many subjects with a pleasant simplicity. "I should like," he would say, "to spend my whole life in a small, neat cottage. I could be content with very little; only cold meat, and bread, and beer, and"—with a roguish smile—"plenty of claret." This is a fair specimen of his pleasant manner. Readers of memoirs will recall Lord Holland's sketch of his first appearance in the English House of Commons. "When he rose curiosity was excited, and one might have heard a pin drop in the crowded house. It required, indeed, intense attention to catch the strange and long-fetched deep whisper in which he began; and I could see the incipient smile curling on Mr. Pitt's lips at the brevity and antithesis of his sentences, and his grotesque gesticulation, peculiar and almost

foreign accent. As he proceeded, however, the sneers of his opponents were softened into courtesy and attention, and at length settled in delight and admiration. Mr. Pitt beat time to the artificial but harmonious cadences of his periods. Never was triumph more complete."

Near him is his great rival in the Irish House, Flood (201). The stiffness and air of importance, as compared with the grace and freedom of the other, will be noticed, as well as the remarkable hooked nose, which once extorted the unwarrantable personalities of Grattan. Their famous parliamentary dispute is well known; but, admitting the gross offensiveness of the terms interchanged, it is impossible not to admire the whole as a specimen of vituperation. "I do not come here," said Flood, "dressed in a rich wardrobe of words, to delude the people." To which Grattan replied by an imaginary picture of "a man." "I will suppose this man's honour is equal to his oath. I will stop him in his career, and say: 'Sir, you are mistaken if you think your talents are as great as your life is infamous.' You might be descried hovering about this dome like an ill-omened bird of night, with sepulchral note and *cadaverous aspect, and a broken beak.*"

In the company of wits and men of genius that figure in Boswell's wonderful gallery, a not ungraceful position is held by Lord Charlemont, the elegant and magnificent patron—the collector—the refined traveller, at a time when the "grand tour" could only be afforded by men of wealth and connexions, who went in their chaises from capital to capital, supplied with introductions to all the Courts of Europe. His patronage of Hogarth was well repaid by the possession of such pictures as "Calais Gate" and the matchless "Lady's Last Stake," though it is to be wished that the portrait (206) we find here had been finished. It has a natural, even pinkish tone, and is painted with that assured, never-failing touch, so significant of the character of the artist. Had the scarlet of the coat been "put in," it would

have been a masterpiece. The face has a certain honest purpose, more that of a country gentleman than that of a professed connoisseur. Looking at it, we can call up the little scene, when the company were hesitating to put a question which it was feared would excite the wrath of the "great bear," but which Lord Charlemont undertook, and put with an air of sly simplicity. "It required," says Boswell, "all the courage of a colonel of Irish Volunteers." Such a man occupies a special place in the social history of his age; and the life of the "noble patron" and traveller, and his correspondence with everyone that was distinguished, witty, and wise of his time, would make a charming contribution to the literature of the day.

The portrait of Brooke (120), author of "The Fool of Quality," a book that made a sensation in its time, is noticeable for its lackadaisical air and prim consciousness. He was one of those clever men who in all ages have been absurdly overrated, and his "Fool of Quality," though named with a grave respect, is probably not known to a dozen men of this generation. Yet the Rev. Charles Kingsley has republished the work with high praise. The reason for thus exalting mediocre talent seems inscrutable, unless we accept a solution offered by Johnson. Boswell asked his great friend, why Pope so extolled an obscure divine—

"Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well."

The Doctor said he did not know, "unless, sir, it was to annoy somebody." Brooke, however, was one of those men who were highly considered by his friends, and his other works show sense and sagacity.

A man whose mother was Irish, who was born and reared in Ireland till he was eight or ten years old, may fairly be considered Irish. Such was LAURENCE STERNE, whose portrait, one of the finest Reynolds ever painted, has been withheld from this collection by its noble proprietor, no doubt for good reasons. Every one knows, at least, the engraving (hung

in the corridor) which, however, has now more likeness to the original than the picture. Comparing the two it will be seen that the painting represents a rather fair face, with a light look about the eyes and eyebrows. In the fine mezzotint these are dashed and well marked, and help to give that inimitable glance of sly roguery. This change is owing to the fading of the colours. We may tremble to think of the state of these pictures fifty years hence. It is like watching the gradual fading of a consumptive cheek where there is no arresting the decay. Sterne is an unique writer—with him “the species is the whole genius.” Removing the gross and wanton blemishes of his works, enough remains to make a reputation of the first order. It is not perhaps known that there is in existence a large portion of the “Journal to Eliza,” the most singular record of “fast life” and junkettings that can be conceived, set off by his own quaint style and remarks. Neither perhaps is the ghastly finale to Yorick’s career so well known—how his remains were carried off by the body-snatchers, and sold to a Professor at Cambridge, on whose dissecting-table the face was actually recognized by a friend of the deceased humorist. The liberal feeling of the present Archbishop of York has sanctioned a monument to his memory in York Cathedral, and some years ago the permission of the Dean was obtained. The money only is required.

This portrait of Lord Norbury (193), the notorious “hanging” Judge, brings up a cloud of Bar scenes and sayings by which the monotony of legal procedure was then enlivened—possibly at the expense of the suitor. One might smile at the droll legends associated with this ferocious joker but for the thought that the lives and properties of so many were dependent on his whims. Both Shiel and the famous “Counsellor” Philips give excellent sketches of his “ways” and peculiarities, his inflation of his vast cheeks, his “blowings,” his coarse jests; while the picture of the scene in his Court, when O’Connell, and Harry Deane Grady, and

other stentorious counsel, and the Judge himself, were all bellowing against each other—is a strange picture of forensic manners. Some of his “Charges” are preserved in the reports, and are the most extraordinary compositions that can be conceived, beginning with a rambling biography of himself and of the people he knew, diversified by grim jests and jokes of the Joe Miller order, dealing with politics, and almost every subject except the proper business of the trial. His charge was invariably in favour of the plaintiff, though he would praise the defendant as “a most honourable man ; *I knew his father well ; but——*” which “but” ushered in an attack on the case of the person thus praised. In the memoirs of Bewick, the painter (not the engraver), will be found an amusing sketch, showing how an Englishman was affected by the strange vagaries of this eccentric being.

Near Norbury should surely be found Curran (223), whose voice was often heard in his Court, and whose life, as told by Philips, is one of the best books of memoirs in the language. Stories of Curran’s wit have been told again and again. His powers of retort and repartee were unrivalled. A young girl sitting near him at a tavern, however, once threw him into confusion by a simple question. The story is one of those that Rogers used to tell, and will be new to many. He was dining at Greenwich, and asseverating loudly that sooner than submit to a particular thing, “he would rather be hanged on twenty gibbets !” The young girl said quietly to him, “Don’t you think, sir, that one would be sufficient ?” Curran was utterly taken back, and for once could not make a reply. He was, indeed, not a little uncertain in the display of his gifts, as will be gathered from the recollections of those who met him. This picture, save perhaps the head of Pope Pius at Windsor, is the masterpiece of Sir Thomas Lawrence. In many of his portraits there is a kind of pretty correctness, a smoothness of line and colour, that made him—if it be not irreverent to say so—the Buckner of his day. But on a few rare

occasions, inspired by the forcible character of the face before him, he rose into power and dignity. The tradition runs, that his head of Curran was "dashed in," with all speed, instead of adopting his usual leisurely deliberation. Lawrence had first painted Curran as an ordinary sitter, but happened to meet him at dinner shortly after. He told Curran that he had *not* painted him, did not know what he was, and must paint him again. The result was most striking. The colouring, too, and general handling, all show the same vigorous character, though an objection perhaps might be made to the blue, which wants the depth and lustre of Gainsborough's, than which it is brighter in tone. When Reynolds was shown some of Lawrence's early works, he prophesied that he would never be a great painter; but he would have been more indulgent had he seen the "Curran" and "Pope Pius."

It is worth while comparing this fine portrait with that of Tom Moore (224) by the same artist, which is in the painter's average manner—that sort of florid luxuriance, both of colour and stroke, which he believed to be almost "Titianesque" in effect. It must be said, however, that the brisk and "perky" air of the lively poet is fairly caught, as well as that sort of blooming tone, which suggests the rapturous ditties of Thomas Little. The indiscreet step of publishing his eight volumes of diary has been fatal to Moore's reputation, though it has supplied a miscellany of curious anecdotes and gossip, and has shown how he always lived before the footlights. One evening when Sheridan was in his happiest vein, rattling on with story after story, delighting everyone, Tom Moore broke the charm by his restless suggestion, "Isn't it time to go to Lydia White's?" This is most significant of his character.

The story of the lovely Jennings (79), whose picture hangs among Lely's sham Shepherdesses, at Hampton, has been illustrated by the vivacious pen of Grammont and the picturesque narrative of Macaulay. "She was adorned,"

says the former, "with all the early treasures of youth, and was of the most dazzling whiteness that could be conceived. Her hair was of a true blonde, yet there was something sparkling and animated in her complexion which saved it from that insipidness which often attends extreme fairness. Her mouth, though hardly the smallest, was certainly the prettiest in the world. There was, however, something unfinished in her arms and hands, while her nose was scarcely refined." The same lively chronicler reports at length the story of her various flirtations in that free and easy Court, with St. Germain, Dick Talbot, and others, but testifies to the perfect propriety of her character and behaviour. She was *sans peur* in her smart speeches and doings, but remained *sans reproche* in her conduct. After much hesitation she "jilted" Talbot, married George Hamilton, of Tyrone, while Talbot married another court beauty, Miss Boynton. By a curious fatality the husband of the first lady and the wife of the second gentleman both died, and the beautiful Jennings was a widow. She eventually married Talbot, and held high state at Dublin Castle. The dignity of her character was shown on the evening of the Battle of the Boyne, a day which she had spent in an agony of suspense, and which was only terminated by the arrival of the King and Talbot, all weary and travel-stained, as they had ridden from the field. She received them at the top of the stairs at the Castle, and knelt to James, asking him to honour her by refreshing himself with a supper which she had prepared, a proposal which he received with an ungracious speech. Nearly fifty years after an aged nun, at a Convent of Poor Clares, in King-street, in Dublin, was found dead, having fallen out of bed during the night; and people were amazed to learn that this was the beautiful Jennings, the belle of Charles the Second's Court, and Tyrconnel's wife.

Another beauty of this dissolute Court was Miss Hamilton (63), sister of the George Hamilton who married Miss Jennings. Antony Hamilton describes her grand and elegant

bearing, her freshness of colour, her brilliant eyes, and her hair, "which lent itself with such docility to that natural arrangement which others find it so difficult to secure." The picture itself is one of Sir Peter Lely's choicest portraits; the limpid blue, the transparent flesh-tints, the sort of coarse grace, so characteristic of the painter, are here present in a remarkable degree. It will be noticed how rarely Lely succeeds in conveying the idea of a beautiful woman, though he succeeds in depicting what is called a fine one. It may be doubted if there be a nobler or better preserved specimen of his style at Hampton Court. As we look at it we think of the goddess that haunted Charles Lamb's boyish dreams in the old House of Blakesware; "the beauty with the cool, blue, pastoral drapery, that hung next the bay window, with the bright yellow hair, and eye of matchless hue." After inspiring Tyrconnel with a certain attachment, which she made use of to quicken the indecision of Count de Grammont, she was very near losing both admirers. Grammont set off for France without proposing, and the story is well known of his being pursued and overtaken by her brother, at Dover, who asked him "if he had not forgotten something," to which the other, with convenient wit replied, "that he had forgotten to marry his sister." His friend, Hamilton, who wrote the well-known memoirs, glosses over this disagreeable incident in the following pleasant fashion:—"The Count, *as a reward for a constancy which he had never before exhibited*, found that love and marriage had joined in his favour, and found himself the happy possessor of Miss Hamilton."

Tyrconnel (76), Macaulay's spirited though unflattering sketch has made familiar to every one. Yet the sort of vulgar, swearing, "swash buckler" he represents Talbot to be, does not agree with the gallantry both in court and field which we find associated with his name in Grammont and contemporary authorities. Indeed the fate of the brilliant history of England will probably be like that of Sir Joshua's

own delicate and brilliant portraits—as years roll on the colours will “fly,” and the tints fade out. He is seen at the Battle of the Boyne, “once so admired by maids of honour as the model of manly vigour and beauty, but now bent down by years and crippled by gout;” and again at Limerick during the siege. On August the 11th, 1691, “he dined with Durfey: the party was gay. The Lord Lieutenant seemed to have thrown off the load which had bound down his body and mind. He drank; he jested; he was again the Dick Talbot who had drank and revelled with Grammont. Soon after he had risen from table an apoplectic stroke deprived him of speech and sensation. On the 14th he breathed his last. The wasted remains of that form which had once been a model for statuaries were laid under the pavement of the Cathedral; but no inscription, no tradition preserves the memory of the spot.”

The face of Steele (144), who is so often familiarly patted on the back as “Dick Steele” by those who have never opened his books, beams on us with a bright, brisk expression from under a full-bottomed wig, and with unctuous lips. There is an air of quietness and of ready repartee about him. “I am afraid,” says Thackeray, “no good report could be given by his masters and ushers of that thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy.” He was very idle. He was whipped deservedly a great number of times. Wives might linger before his picture with a certain interest, for never was there so tender, so delicate, so loving a husband. Thus would he write to his Prue—“Dearest being on earth, pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o’clock, having met a school-fellow from India.” And thus did he propose to her: “Madame, it is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, yet attend business. . . . As for me, all who speak to me find me out. A gentleman asked me this morning, ‘What news from Lisbon?’ and I answered, ‘She is exquisitely handsome.’ O love! methinks I could write a volume to you, but all the

language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion I am ever yours ——." Who could resist such a lover?

Perhaps the greatest of all this company is Swift (*corridor*), and this portrait, now exhibited for the first time, has a rare interest. It was drawn in pastel by Barber for one of the Sheridan family, from whom it has passed to Mr. Lefanu. It may be stated that this is the most interesting and valuable of all the many portraits of Swift, which with their full-blown cheeks and florid tone are more or less conventional; but here there is a surprising delicacy about the forehead, as well as a curious air of weakness, a little suggestive of the insanity that later came on him. Sir W. Wilde has compared the side of the head and ear with a cast taken after his death and preserved in Trinity College, and finds them exactly correspond. The bones of Swift, as well as of his brother humorist, Sterne, were not allowed to rest in their graves. Sterne's were to be stolen and sold to the surgeons. Swift's skull, with that of his Stella, was dug up in 1835, and handed round at the soirees of the curious. The larynx was actually stolen!

Macklin (*corridor*), whom we find here, was one of the most grotesque and eccentric characters conceivable. To have reached beyond the age of a hundred years—to have been praised by Pope—to have killed a brother actor—to have written a comedy of the first class—these are fair claims to be considered remarkable. His real name was Maclaughlin, which was Anglicised into Macklin. He was one of the earliest reformers of stage dress, and it is on this account that the picture before us becomes highly interesting. No one would guess that this group of figures represents a scene from the Merchant of Venice. It might seem some incident of social life in the last, or even in the present, century. There is an air also as of something farcical. It is recorded that Macklin used to dress Shylock in a Jewish gown and scarlet hat, which he had discovered was their proper costume at

Venice. Pope seeing his performance, was said to have exclaimed in admiration—"This is the Jew, That Shakespeare drew," to which Quin, one of the old school, added a coarse third line. Those unfamiliar with Macklin's strange life will at least bear testimony to his wonderful Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, which Mr. Phelps has made his own. Zoffany, who painted this spirited scene, drew all his inspiration from actors of the day and from the stage. He approaches nearer to the style of Hogarth than any other, in the vividness and firmness of his touches and the finish of his faces. He has caught and handed down the mobile expression, the humour, the gesture, the spirit of most of the great players of his time. By his means, and his only, we know how Foote, and Garrick, and Moody, and Yates, and others looked and bore themselves. We see the whole group by the gesture, the situation. These capital pictures of scenes from the *Alchemist*, the *Mock Doctor*, and other pieces, have a strange attraction; they seem situations in real life, an impression owing to the expression, faces, and style of the old actors. Macklin's face was so gnarled and lined that some one once began to address him, "I see, sir, by the *cordage* of your countenance——"

Lady Hartington (106), although scarcely pretty, looks out on us with an arch and piquant expression, as she half turns, holding a mask in her dainty fingers. There is a grave Flemish dignity over the picture. The daughter and heiress of the architect Earl of Burlington, she brought into the Devonshire family great estates in Ireland and England, and went over with her husband when he became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1755. Her mother was the well-known Lady Burlington, who periodically astonished London society with some curious freak or violent fancy; and it was she who "took up" the captivating ballet dancer, the "*Violette*," and tried so hard to defeat the matrimonial designs of Mr. Garrick.

Nearly opposite is her father, the Earl of Burlington (122),

to whom Pope addressed his well known lines, and who effectually played his part of an elegant *dilletante*. There is an air of stately connoisseurship about him, with the brilliant crimson coat, the star, and ribbond, and the hand resting, with some little affectation, on a volume marked Inigo Jones. The plain, but classical gateway and screen of Burlington House, in Piccadilly, so recently destroyed to give place to an ineffective pile of buildings, was the work of this aristocratic architect; and considering the material and the little pretension about the whole, it was surprisingly effective. The old fashioned Assembly Rooms, at York, are also from his designs; somewhat after the foreign "Wauxhall" style. Hogarth has satirized his building propensities in one of his plates.

The name of Mrs. Damer (138) will be familiar to readers of Mrs. Siddons's life. In her the actress found a warm admirer and ally; but Mrs. Damer possessed real talent for sculpture, and executed many busts of friends which are excellent Likenesses. Ladies of rank at that time seem to have been more accomplished than they are now; or possibly their time and training is diverted into the more showy accomplishments of singing and playing. There is a graceful quaintness in this faded picture; and the salmon-coloured dress, when gay and fresh, must have been effective. In her work she was more than an amateur; and a medallion of Mrs. Siddons, which has been engraved, is an excellent likeness.

Here are two members of the great house of Abercorn, or Hamilton. The striking full length portrait of the first Marquis is well worthy of remark. It is evident that the painter was called on to work under certain conditions of colour and attitude prescribed by his sitter. He would "stand so, and in no other way;" arrayed in black, with a white waistcoat; his arm stretched out, and his hand holding his hat and stick. The rigid black stock and square whiskers add a curious air of grim pride and stateliness.

Looking at it, we can hear him replying to Pitt, who mentioned his Majesty's intention of conferring a vacant Garter on him, that "he would consider of it." He was the munificent patron, friend, and host of John Kemble and his wife, at Stanmore Priory. There is a charmingly natural letter of Mrs. Kemble, written from this house, then filled with all that was noble and aristocratic, to her husband, who was abroad. In it she rehearses all the remarks and compliments made to his acting or to herself; insists on the little attentions that were paid to her; how Lady Abercorn led her up to a sofa, &c. The same nobleman, by a stretch of authority that seems a little arbitrary, and almost regal in its style, commanded the sprightly Glorvina Owenson to be married, having the parson and husband, Sir Charles Morgan, in attendance. The scene is dramatically described in her memoirs. There are traditions of his haughty state: of the groom of the chambers perfuming the room after the servants had quitted it, and of the housemaids being required to put on kid gloves to make his bed; and of his never sitting down to dinner without being arrayed in his star and blue ribbon. Sir Walter Scott pays him a graceful compliment for his refined tastes and princely hospitality; and it may be said that this magnificence still characterizes this noble house.

One of the most elegant and accomplished women of her day must have been Mrs. Trench (*corridor*), whose agreeable recollection were not long ago given to the world by her son, Archbishop Trench. There is a grace about this portrait and its costume in keeping with the character of the original. This charming lady travelled from Court to Court, as the fashion then was for persons of taste and position, observing keenly, and recording what she observed in various letters, her own qualities securing her the most favourable opportunities of intimacy with important personages. The most striking passages are those which describe the behaviour of the infatuated Nelson, and the siren that enslaved him at

Berlin—her attitudes and imitations of antique statues, her dances, and the boisterous quarterdeck admiration of her hero. Shrewd and careful observation of this kind makes the most entertaining kind of reading—"in any hands," as Walpole says.

This bright, cleanly painted portrait of an old seaman (149), shows that Romney could be inspired by the vigorous character of his subject. It represents Admiral Forbes, one of the Granard family, and indeed, one of a family of distinguished sailors. It may well be proud of this old hero. After distinguishing himself in many engagements in command of his vessel, he found himself one of the court appointed to try Admiral Byng. He dissented from the cruel sentence, in a firm and well-reasoned speech, thus dissociating himself from that rather bloody "encouragement of the others." But he was obliged in consequence to resign his office of Lord of the Admiralty. Later, when he was General of Marines, the ministry of the day wished to provide for a naval supporter with that office, and proposed an arrangement by which the Admiral was to be indemnified by a "pension on Ireland," and a peerage. He met the proposal in a fashion which in those corrupt days was unusual; the brave old sailor told them that he held his office from the King as a reward for faithful service; that he thanked God he had never been a burden to his country, and that he would not *condescend* to accept a pension, or "bargain" for a peerage. He concluded by addressing the King, praying his majesty to take away his office, if it seemed good to him, but at the same time declaring that "he would never dishonour his past services by becoming a pensioner or accepting a peerage offered to suit a political arrangement." With the lines of that sturdy, clear, honest face, such sentiments harmonize. We pass on with respect, glad to hear that his majesty graciously refused to do what was proposed, and later added many marks of his favour and esteem. Not less pleasing is the clear, limpid

tones, the firm touch, and the fresh blue of the sea, transferred to his coat.

This quaint figure (130) of a gentleman in a riding dress and huge jack boots reaching over his thighs, who is ascending some steps with a determined air, represents "Tottenham in his Boots," which was a toast often given at patriotic convivial meetings. The person thus honoured was Mr. Charles Tottenham, of Ballycorney, in Wexford, an ancestor of the great House of Ely. The story runs, that in the year 1731, when it was proposed that an undisposed of balance of £60,000 should be made over to the English Government, great agitation was set on foot, and not unnaturally. Mr. Tottenham, hearing that the division was coming on sooner than was expected, took horse at Wexford, and rode sixty miles to Dublin, getting down at the House of Commons. Here he was stopped by the Serjeant-at-arms, who reported to the Speaker that a member was trying to enter the House without being in full dress, which was the custom. After some hesitation the Speaker decided that he had not power to exclude him, and the bold rider, splashed from head to foot, and wearing the jack boots, strode in, gave his vote, which proved to be a casting one, and defeated the unpopular measure. The spurs, which contributed to the success of this exploit, are to be seen in another part of the Exhibition. The portrait itself, though without pretension, has a certain lively interest; while the face is highly characteristic, being that of a plain, determined man.

The portrait of Lord O'Neil (*corridor*) suggests pleasant as well as tragic associations. When Mrs. Siddons, unknown and obscure, was "drudging" through the provinces, some fashionable persons at Cheltenham, seeing Venice Preserved announced at the little theatre, determined to go for the purpose of enjoying a hearty laugh. One of the ladies was Miss Boyle, a daughter of Lord Dungarvon's, who, though she came to scoff, remained to admire, and deserves the credit of being the first to recognize the gifts of a great actress

She loaded her with kindness. Later, Miss Boyle became Lady O'Neil, of Shane Castle, and Mrs. Siddons, on her visits to Ireland, was made welcome. A distinguished party was invited to meet her, among whom was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, "the most amiable, honourable, high-minded, though misguided, youth I ever knew. The luxury of this establishment," the actress goes on, "inspired the recollections of an Arabian Night's entertainment. Six or seven carriages, with a numerous throng of lords and ladies on horseback, began the day, by making excursions round this terrestrial paradise. The table was served with a profusion to which I have never seen anything comparable. A fine band of musicians played during the whole of the repast; they were stationed in the corridors, which led to a fine conservatory, where we plucked our dessert from numerous trees of the most exquisite fruit. The graces of the presiding genius, the lovely mistress of the mansion, seemed to blend with the whole scene." A few years later, in 1798, the host who presided at this gathering was at the head of his soldiers, in the little town of Antrim, not far away from his own castle, engaged in a desperate encounter with the insurgents. The royalists were being driven back, when Lord O'Neil's horse grew unmanageable, and one of the rebels transfixed him with his pike.

In the same year Lord Mountjoy (*corridor*) met his death at the battle of Ross. His men, the Dublin Militia, were suspected to be wavering in their fidelity, but followed him as he led them on to the attack of "The Three Bullet Gate," when a baker's boy, who was at a window, fired and killed him. His soldiers were attached to him, and the wish to revenge his death extinguished their other sympathies. An officer, who visited the town so recently as 1838, found this baker's boy living there unmolested.

Here, too, is Henry Sheares (*corridor*), one of the two unfortunate brothers who suffered in the rebellion. Lord Clare was inclined to spare him, but by a fatality an order

for delaying the execution was prevented reaching the prison. His last letter, appealing for mercy, is truly piteous. "Tell Lord Clare that I will pray for him for ever, and that the Government will ever find me what they wish. O! my family! my wife! my children! my mother! Go to them. Let them throw themselves at the Chancellor's feet. I have been duped, misled, deceived, but with all the wishes and intentions to do good." At the execution a shocking scene took place. By the clumsiness of the hangman, Sheares was run up to the block of the rope before the trap was allowed to fall, and hung suspended for a minute before he could be set free.

Here is Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare (182), in his Chancellor's robes, bearing himself with no judicial formalness, but in an easy, jaunty attitude, his hand on his hip. Always "ready with the pistol," administering the affairs of the country with a vigour that was almost Cromwellian, and at times truculent, he earned the hatred of the masses whom he disposed of with so high a hand. After the Union, when he tried to import with him the same tone into the English House of Lords, he received a crushing and contemptuous rebuke that silenced him ever afterwards, and showed that he hardly possessed the courage with which he had been credited. A shocking and indecent scene was to attend his funeral—the coffin being followed from his house in Ely-place by the curses and imprecations of a furious mob—a last insult being the flinging of a dead cat in allusion to his boast "that he would make them all as tame as cats."

This plain, sensible-looking person in wig and laced gown (192) is John Foster, Lord Oriel, the last Speaker of the Irish House. He was entitled "the upright assertor of our liberties," gallantly stemmed the tide of bribes and corrupting honours, which swept away so many, and at the end was faithful among the faithless found. Some of his cards of invitation to dinner are still to be seen a century old, round which run scrolls with patriotic sentiments, "Pros-

perity to the linen trade," &c., encompassing the conventional "requests the pleasure of Mr. ——'s company ——." This true patriot, however, later received the same honours, unpurchased by any degrading concession. Nothing is more dignified than his behaviour during the last excited debates of the Irish Parliament, and the picture of his emotion, as he declared that "the ayes had it" when the Union was finally passed, is given dramatically by Sir Jonah Barrington.

This grave and even sanctified-looking portrait (203) represents Lord Kilwarden, the ill-fated Chief-Justice, who was one of the first victims of the rebellion. On the Bench he is said to have been haughty and reserved, but in private life he sometimes relaxed, and the quality of his humour may be conceived from a single specimen. He found a singular relish in calling Mr. Curran "Gooseberry," the point of which jest it puzzled his friends to discover. His tragic end is like a scene in the history of the French Commune. Coming into Dublin with his daughter and a fine young man, a clergyman, who was his nephew, his carriage was surrounded and stopped. A cry was raised, "The Chief Justice!" and it is believed that he was mistaken for Carleton, a Judge who had shown great severity. The clergyman was dragged from the carriage and torn to pieces by the infuriated mob. The daughter fled through the streets, screaming for aid, while the unfortunate Chief Justice was stabbed to death, receiving no less than thirty wounds. The story of the Irish Rebellion is full of scenes as terrible as any during the French Revolution.

Theobald Wolfe Tone (202) presents a picturesque figure in romance, but few think of his ghastly end. He was taken during one of the abortive invasions of Ireland, in the full uniform of the French service, was summarily tried by court-martial in Dublin, and condemned to death. On the day when the sentence was to be carried out, the execution being fixed for one o'clock, some of his friends exerted them-

selves to obtain delay, and Curran made an application to Lord Kilwarden for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. Then followed this dramatic scene. The Chief Justice, a humane man, ordered the writ to be formally made out. Curran urged that his client might be executed before it was prepared. "Then," said the Chief Justice, "let the Sheriff proceed instantly to the barracks, and see that he be not executed." An interval of great agitation followed the departure of the officer. When he returned he reported that the Provost-Marshall refused to obey any authority but that of Major Sandys, and that Major Sandys had his orders from the Lord Lieutenant. "Then," said the fearless Judge, "Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody, and take the Provost-Marshall and Major Sandys into custody, and show the order of the Court to General Craig." But in the meantime the unhappy man had deliberately cut his wind-pipe across with a pen-knife, but failed to destroy himself, having strength to say, "I am but a bad anatomist." The wound was hastily sown up, and the authorities would have carried out the execution, but the firmness of the Chief Justice prevailed, and the unhappy man was allowed to die from his self-inflicted injury. We may compare with this scene the tragic death in the dock of Jackson, the libeller of the Duchess of Kingston.

Here is Bushe (219), witty as well as wise, and described by Kemble as "the greatest actor off the stage." "His power of narrative has not been equalled, perfect simplicity, but united with elegance, a lucid arrangement, the constant introduction of the most picturesque expressions, but never as ornaments." Such is the dignified praise of Brougham. His stories and good things are familiar to all. The late Charles Lever has imported into the racy pages of Harry Lorrequer a well-known criticism on his gifts. "What do you consider Mr. Bushe's *forte*?" asked a newly-arrived English minister of a country squireen. "His *what*?" "What is the secret of his power with juries?"

"See here," was the reply. "This is it. He just first *butthers them up*, then *slithers them down*." There was something almost fascinating in his social gifts, which impressed strangers more than those of men of greater reputation. Here, too, is Saurin (233), descendant of an exiled Huguenot family, and a most inappropriate Colonel of the Barristers' Corps of Volunteers, and for years the despotic ruler of the Bar. Shiel says that there was a sort of dark Rembrandtish effect about his face and figure, which betrayed his foreign origin, with "the strong line of light breaking through a monastic window upon his corrugated brow"—an expressive though extraordinary metaphor. Says Lord Wellesley, in a witty letter, "I had not been four and twenty hours in Dublin before I sought and obtained an interview with him. I offered him the office of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. . . . That was not ill treatment. In truth, I had nothing else to offer him, except the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. To that, however, there were two objections—first, *he had already held the office for fifteen years*, and next I was the Viceroy." Here also is Archbishop Magee, author of a well-known theological book, "*Magee on the Atonement*," a prelate of much controversial power and extraordinary ambition. It was he who made the epigrammatic speech "that in Ireland there was a religion without a church, and also a church without a religion."

The portrait of George Walker (84), the defender of Derry, will attract attention, from the handsome and even gentle-looking face, which one would hardly expect to be that of the vigorous champion of Derry. The clergyman's hands will be seen over the cuirass. The story of the siege of Derry has never been so picturesquely told as by Macaulay—indeed it is exactly the sort of subject on which he delighted to expend all his picturesque power. "When the news of Walker's death was brought to the King, it was received characteristically. William thought him a busy-

body who had been properly punished for running into danger without any call of duty, and expressed that feeling with characteristic bluntness on the field of battle. "Sir," said an attendant, "the Bishop of Derry has been killed by a shot at the Ford." "What took him there?" growled the King."

Even on a cursory inspection of these galleries some curious fancies will strike the eye—such as the Earl of Ossory (52) being painted as a Roman General, but in a French wig; and the Earl of Roscommon, the elegant poet, in a sort of Ciceronian attire. No less quaint is the idea of the Chancellor's purse hung round the neck of Primate Boyle (33) to indicate his office; while in the case of Archbishop Loftus (25) the same symbol is held out a little affectedly, as if to invite attention. Most curious, too, is a portrait of the sixteenth Earl of Kildare (7), represented in a sort of shirt, with part of his breast bare, a red toga draped about him, and huge woolly rosettes of enormous size to his shoes. His face has a strange gauntness, and even wildness. The head of Sir R. Wingfield, the first Lord Powerscourt, seems that of some old Dutch soldier, and even like the work of a Dutch artist, it stands out so brightly and boldly from the panel. The short, wiry hair, the scarf and armour, are vigorously painted.

In the outer gallery, next to the Exhibition hall, will be found a curious gathering of portraits, more remarkable perhaps for historical than artistic interest. That beautiful Lely, the "belle Hamilton," has been already noticed, as well as the Lady Clancarty, from the same hand, which is not so light in touch. But a most striking portrait, remarkable for its breadth and boldness, will arrest attention, as coming from the painter of the Hampton Court Shepherdesses; and this heavy-jawed, thick-lipped being in the full wig hardly answers our preconceived notions of the skilful Surveyor of Ireland, Sir William Petty (101). The rich prevailing tints of brown in which it is painted is in harmony with those of a picture near it, which is in the same key as the

Duke of Wharton (98), a most pleasing and clear-toned portrait.

With Hamilton Rowan (199) is associated the story of one of the most romantic escapes from prison known. He let himself down from a window—was passed in the streets of Dublin by a mounted patrol, who were probably looking for him, and was finally put on board a little fishing-boat, to make for the French coast. He had not been long at sea when a revenue cruiser came up, and as she passed by, threw on board copies of a proclamation offering a large reward for his arrest. As the sailors read it, he noticed their suspicious glances, and thought the best course was to reveal himself—a confidence that was not betrayed. They landed him safely in France.

The Marquis of Townshend (146), who figures here in armour, was at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and yet must have been seen by many now alive. For he lived up to the year 1807. A most amusing book of squibs, called *Baratariana*, was published during his Viceroyalty of Ireland. His mother was the odd Audrey Townshend, who figures in Walpole, and said such odd droll things. A curious account is given of Lord Whitworth (217) by that eminent and amusing scandal monger, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall (for whose name the ingenious rhyme was discovered “misquoting *facts all*”)—and who reckons him among the admirers favoured by the Empress Catherine. A better claim to distinction was his dignified bearing when ambassador to Napoleon. The latter in one of those studied bursts of rage, with which he often contrived to intimidate the envoys of weak powers, inveighed in coarse language against England, and finally made a sort of contemptuous motion with his foot—on which the high spirited nobleman stepped back, and laid his hand on his sword, as if about to draw it. The emperor adroitly altered his tone. The scene would be one for a picture. Lord Whitworth’s name will be seen about Dublin, connected with hospitals, and bridges, and institutions.

Always welcome are the portraits of actors and actresses, and this one of the gifted and Irish Miss Farren (214) will be singularly interesting either to the lover of the stage or of those romantic vicissitudes of fortune which Sir Bernard Burke has recounted so agreeably. During the lifetime of his wife Lord Derby had been the respectful admirer of this gifted woman. Lady Derby's death took place on the 14th March, 1797, and his marriage with Miss Farren followed within six weeks! The actress, we are told, declined to address the house on taking leave of the stage, but made "three reverences" while one of the company spoke a short address in her name. Mrs. Siddons complimented her in some doggrel, spoken at the conclusion of "The Deuce is in 'em"—

"Our comic muse, too, lighter topics lending,
Proves that in marriage was her natural ending,
Whilst grateful for those smiles which made us gay,
Each kindest wish awaits her wedding day,
And sure such talents, honors, shared between them,
If 'tis not happy why the deuce is in 'em."

The portrait of Sir Philip Francis (181) is interesting from its connexion with the disputed authorship of "Junius." Few questions have ever been more warmly or ingeniously debated. This point, however, may be considered settled since the publication of Mr. Twistleton's handsome volume—which literally exhausts the argument. Francis was always sensitive on this point, and gave out that if any one put the question to him directly, he would make it a personal matter. When he was grown old a lady took courage and began, "Sir Philip, will you let me ask you one question"—He interrupted her rudely, "you had better not," he said, "unless you wish to insult me." This must have been affectation, or some morbid estimate of the importance of the secret; for there could have been no danger from the revelation. He went to his grave without making any admission on the subject.

This portrait of a good-looking young man is that of Mr. Denis Daly (208), one of the most popular Members of Parliament and country gentlemen of his day. He looks good-natured and true, and Sir Joshua, whose personal friend he was, has conveyed the idea of an off-handed amiable young fellow. Nor did his character belie his looks. It was said, "that good manners in him seemed but the indication of good nature;" while an observation that he once made showed his political shrewdness. It was urged that the Government having met with a signal defeat this advantage should be pushed by the successful party. But he said that were *he* the Government he would choose the season after such a defeat, as the most favourable opportunity for passing a measure, as opponents are not inclined to press too hardly on those whom they have defeated. His name will be familiar to the bibliographer from the splendid Daly library collected with infinite taste and judgment, at a time when the knowledge of books, and of early printed books, was rare. The sale by auction of these treasures is commemorated with that of Topham Beauclerk, and other great collectors. Lady Henrietta Daly, his wife (185), sat to Angelica Kauffman, a charming artist and agreeable woman, who has been rather roughly handled by professed critics; but it is impossible to deny her the merits of grace, and even piquancy, though her faces and figures are a little meagre in the drawing and conception. But she had a decided style of her own, which it is easy to recognize in a gallery. A most curious speculation would be the inquiry as to what influences "style." How it is that a Reynolds paints in such brilliant hues, while a Rembrandt lays in everything in deep shadows and dark tones? How it is that one master, like Millais, can express what he means only by bold touches, and another, like Meissonier, by the most minute and highly finished strokes? This is not like the case of different handwritings; it has to do with a real instinct of poetry. A simple moss-covered stone will offer a dozen ways of treatment, according to the

character of the painter, who will either see poetry in its form, or in its colour, or size, according to his tastes.

There is a portrait here of Cromwell (43), by Lely, and to which a curious tradition is attached. It was said to have been presented by the Protector himself to Mr. Miller, in whose family it has been carefully preserved, through many vicissitudes, until the present time. With it there was originally an autograph letter of presentation, which, however, perished in a fire—the house being burned to the ground in 1716. The picture, however, was rescued. During the rebellion of 1798, the place was visited by a large party, who announced that they came for the special purpose of destroying the obnoxious picture. It escaped this danger also, to be exhibited in the present collection. As a portrait it is highly curious; the face is more worn—less smooth—than those with which we are more familiar; and the introduction of the boy tying the scarf seems so opposed to what we know of his character, that it probably represents some incident connected with the family to whom it was presented.

Few Englishmen may have heard the name of Sir Thomas Staples (258), and fewer still would believe that the fresh, gentlemanly-looking, elderly person, with the white hair, who stands so erect, had nearly reached his ninetieth year when he sat to the painter. He died only seven or eight years ago, yet had sat in the Irish Parliament, of which he was the last surviving member, and remembered the late Duke of Wellington sitting in that House. He was Crown Prosecutor on the North-East Circuit, and when nearly ninety years old would go through all the fatigues of the assizes; conducting cases of murder that involved dealing with circumstantial evidence, summing up evidence, stating the case, and examining witnesses, with a clearness that excited the wonder of his brethren at the Bar. All who enjoyed the friendship of this fine old man can bear testimony to his warm and simple nature, and to his courteous manners. It

was by his temperate and frugal habits that he reached these patriarchal years; and, till a year or so of his death, he never felt any of the infirmities of age. At about eighty he set himself to learn German, and with success.

In addition to what has been said at the opening of these notes, as to the dignity of portrait painting, it may be said that the connoisseur will find abundant entertainment in studying and comparing the different styles of the two great masters of this art who are here excellently represented. Which is to be placed highest, Reynolds or Gainsborough, would be an invidious question, for both are equally delightful. Reynolds, as Northcote has shown, was the first English painter who thought of giving a character and variety to his portraits, by conveying something of character in their attitudes and occupations. Gainsborough, in his attitudes, thought more of a purely abstract grace. The visitor will note the limpid transparency of Gainsborough's tones, and a sort of delicate "streakiness" in his touches and strokes, while the Gainsborough "blue" is peculiar. So with his rich crimson, as seen in the robes of Lord Abercorn (169). What has not, perhaps, before been noticed is a sort of "bend" in his figures, like the faint curve in the branch of a tree, and to which he is very partial; an attitude often produced by the leaning on a high cabinet, while the feet are crossed. His faces, too, seem always to tend into an oval, delicately sharpened at the chin. The picture of Miss Linley and her brother (171), for its richness of work, and poetry—its depth, and honied touch—would in itself be worthy of a visit. Looking at this work, and at the George Canning (226), we feel in presence of a master who has in reserve a wealth of power—the freest and most masterly touch—and who seems to hint that he has not put forth half his strength. Here is all the rich touch of Rubens. With Lawrence, on the other hand, there is an air of sober workmanship, and it seems as though he had done his best. For perhaps the finest specimen of Reynolds, in his ambitious

manner, we may turn to the full length of the Duke of Northumberland (153), in its elaborate frame—a graceful and splendid memorial. The corporation of Dublin, to commemorate his Viceregal rule, had asked him to sit for his picture, a request he complied with by presenting them with this fine portrait, by Reynolds, which he had painted at his own expense. It is only by thinking of ordinary portraits of noblemen in their state robes, which flare and glare with scarlet and blue, and have quite a grotesque “merry-andrew” air, that we see and acknowledge the consummate art with which Reynolds could lend dignity and nobility to the same awkward combination. The silvery tones of the white, the rich subdued crimson, the exquisite grace of the folds, the aristocratic bearing of the figure, the general harmony and grace of this fine picture are beyond description.

Nor is there wanting here evidence of that fatal decay which has destroyed so many of Reynolds’ pictures, owing to the rather wanton experiments he was fond of making when mixing his colours. A signal instance could be pointed to in the picture of Lady Mary Bourke (180), where the glaze has wholly passed away—in that graceful one of Mrs. Damer (140), which has become dull and dirty—in the face of Primate Robinson, from which the colour has fled, and in many more. There was a rich golden yellow to which he was partial, and which lent an almost Rembrandtish effect, but which often becomes a dirty white, as in the “chemisette” of the Duchess of Leinster (210A). This portrait, in its first bloom, excited the delighted admiration of Northcote, who declared that no touch could improve it. But Reynolds said he himself was not satisfied, and that there was a tenderness and grace about the original which he had not succeeded in imparting. Whether he succeeded in doing so is uncertain, but it certainly exhibits a sort of melancholy air of sentiment in the face, and a rich touch. There is a story told of his having painted a brilliant portrait of the Marquis of Drogheda, but which he had made

the subject of some more than usually daring experiments. The Marquis, a good-looking man, went away, staid many years on the Continent, and returned utterly dilapidated in face and figure. When he came to look at his picture he found that it had kept pace with his decay, and that its colour and grace had flown as fast as his own.

We must pause here, though there are many more pictures of the highest interest. No one should pass by the choice collection of mezzotints, after Sir Joshua and other great masters—a gallery of Irish portraits—and which, in one sense, are a melancholy record of the departed glories of the country. For there once existed a school of engravers in Ireland, of which M'Ardell was the head, and whose works, for brilliancy and delicacy, took the foremost rank. No medium could so happily express the soft lights, the tender bloom of Reynolds and Gainsborough; and the former master owned that no one approached M'Ardell in rendering the delicate subtleties of his style. The collection is perhaps unique, and has been made by a well-known connoisseur, Mr. Challoner.

In conclusion it may be said that the entertainment to be gathered in such a gallery as the present by an observer who comes furnished with taste and information, is of the highest order. It is, moreover, of a kind that is steadily progressive, for the attractions of a really fine portrait like the oft-quoted “thing of beauty” offer a permanent delight. The author of “Elaine,” in his own graceful language, has furnished the true key—

“As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely, thro’ all hindrance, finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest —.”



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